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By OLIVER HERFORD

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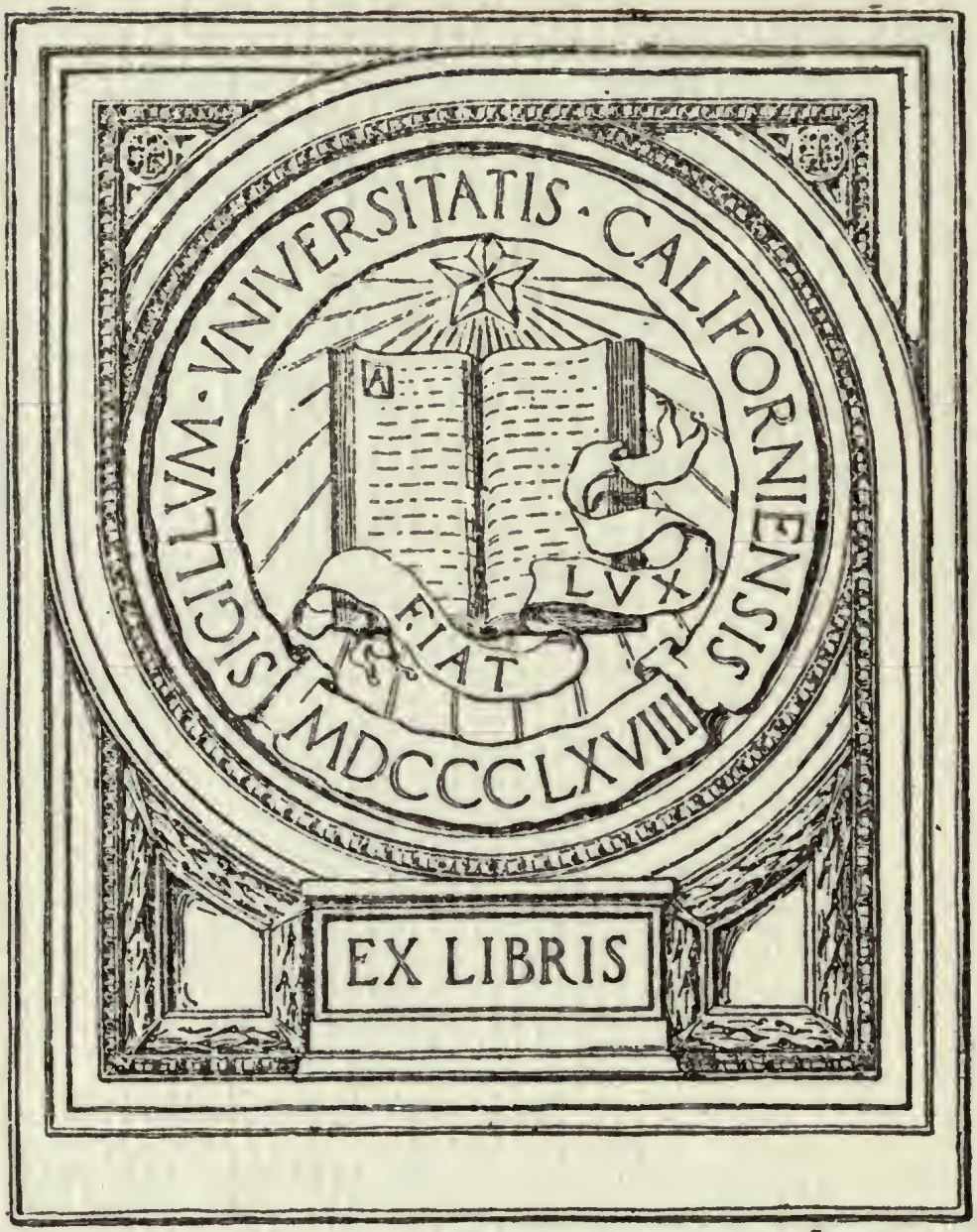
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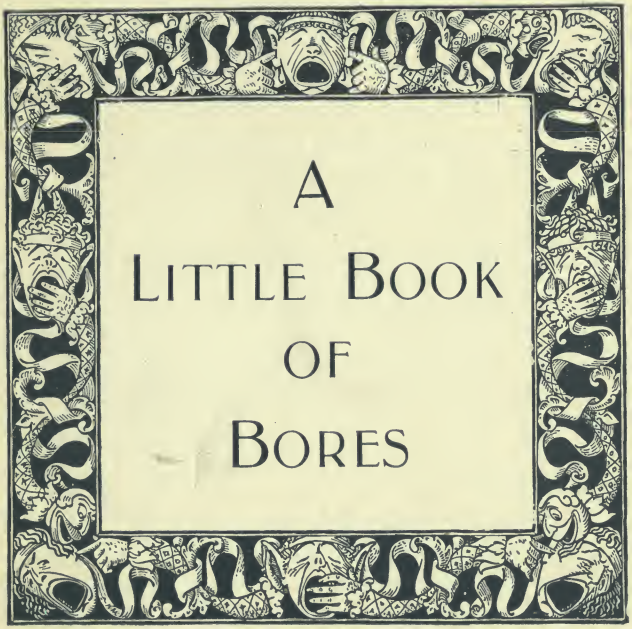

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is the Autograph Bore

Whom Authors and Actors deplore,

Tho' it's evident quite

If the Dears ceased to write

They'd deplore even more than before.

W. D. Howells
A

is a Bounder *blasé*

Who likes to appear quite *au fait;*

He purses his lips

As his Rhine wine he sips,

Tho' he doesn't know Hock from Tokay.

B

C 's a Critic. Far be it from me
With a time-honoured craft to make free.
All praise I accord
Good Critics—but lord!
What a Bore a *bad* Critic can be!

C

D is a Decadent Dreary

Whose Works are depressing and eerie;

If you ask his excuse

For existence, or use,

I'm afraid I can't answer your query.

D

E is the Egotist dread

Who, as some one has happily said,

Will talk till he's blue

About *my*self, when you

Want to talk about *your*self instead.

Bible
E

F 's a Frankly Familiar Friend

Who loves free advice to extend;

He declares, for his part,

He knows nothing of Art,

But he thinks that your time you misspend.

F

is a Grumbler gruff

Whom everything puts in a huff;

If he chances to gain

Heaven's gate, he'll complain

Of his Halo or Harp, like enough.

G

H is a Humorist glum.

Why sits he so silent and dumb?

He's concocting some Gay

Impromptu to say

When the Opportune Moment shall come.

H

I 's the Intensely Intense

Who dilates on the *Whither* and *Whence*,

The *Ego* (or "I"),

And the *Wherefore* and *Why*,

Not to mention the *Hither* and *Hence*.

I

J is the "Johnnie"—a Thing
Much affected by Fairies who sing.
He is human in shape,
With the brain of an ape,
And generally tied to a string.

J

K is the Kaiser unnerving,

With the Terrible Moustache upcurving.

One man who can bore

A planet——and more

Is surely of mention deserving.

K

L 's the Loquacious variety,
That is found in all sorts of society.
He will drink in the sound
Of his own voice—till drowned
In a species of self-inebriety.

L

's a Methodical Man

Who prates with precision and plan.

Beware how you balk

The stream of his talk,

Lest he go back to where he began.

M

is a Newly-rich boor,

Whom no one pretends to endure.

Some cases with care

And complete change of Heir

Take three generations to cure.

N

is an Optimist glad

Who doesn't know how to be sad;

If he wakes up some day

In Hades, he'll say,

"Well, really it isn't so bad."

O

P 's a Poetical bore

Who recites his own things by the score.

The ladies, poor dears,

Are all moved to tears,

While strong men are moved—to the door.

P

Q is a Quoter who'll cite
His favourite authors all night.
Tho' teeming with Thought,
Like the Moon he is naught
But a second-hand dealer in Light.

Q

R 's a Rampant Reformer whose prose
Insures you a Health-giving doze.
You wouldn't much mind
If he'd only be kind
And *not* slam the door when he goes.

R

is a Satirist rude

Who subsists on Leguminous Food,

Which he shyly maintains

So enforces his brains,

Even Shakespeare beside him seems crude.

S

is a Terrible Tot

Who says things he'd much better not.

A child of that age

Should be kept in a cage,

And fed—if at all—through a slot.

T

U is the Unco Guid Man,

And all his unspeakable clan,

With their *Braw bonnie brae,*

Bide a wee, Scots wha hae,

Aweel, Dinna ken, and *Hoot man.*

U

is a Vain Virtuoso.

If you ask, "Pray what makes your
hair grow so;
Do you think it a sign
Of Genius divine?"

He replies, "I don't think so, I *know*
so."

V

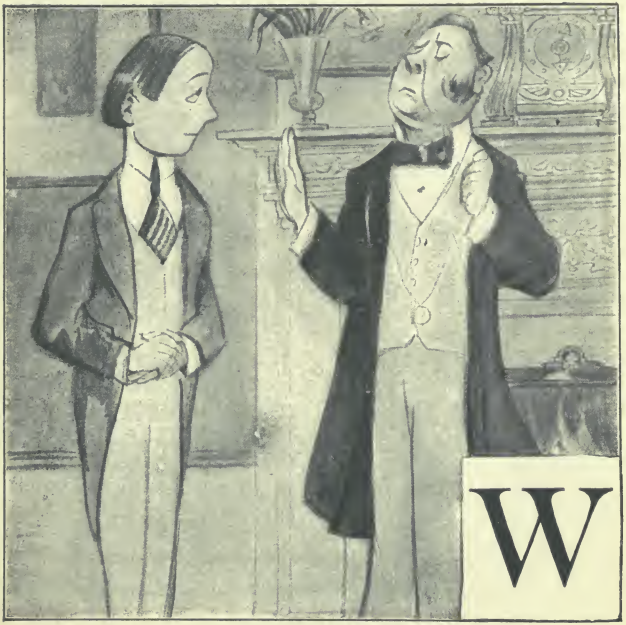
's a Well-informed Wight

Who aims to set every one right;

If you chance to misspell

Or misquote, he will swell

With holy and chastened Delight.


W

is Old Xmas, a dear

Old Impostor who comes once a year,

With wassail, and wishes,

And death-dealing dishes,

And chilblains, and chimes, and good cheer.

X

is a Yodler whose yell

Wakes the echo in mountain or fell.

"Poor Echo!" I say,

"To be wakened each day

By a sound like a Feline unwell."

Y

Z is a Zealot whose zeal

Takes the form of an "*Urgent appeal.*"

Tho' you wriggle and squirm

And protest—he sits firm,

Till he lands you at last like an eel.

Z

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